

The Student's Pen

Christmas Issue

Robert
Werner



1937

The 1927 Christmas Gift Shop

on the Second Floor

DEDICATED to the finer—the unusual gifts for Christmas giving. Larger and finer assortments than any previous year, are composed of the fruits of the quaint peasantry of France, Czecho-Slovakia and other foreign countries as well as the best from home manufacturers.

It is well for anyone with a generous heart and a long list of friends to become acquainted with these gifts of rare charm.

Come and bring your friends.

The Wallace Co.
"Everybody's Christmas Store"

In this advertisement there is a misspelled word.

Can you find it? If so

*We will give you \$100
in Cash*

on a \$500 purchase or 10% discount on any article in our stock

Note:—This advertisement must be marked and brought in when making your purchase.

E. H. THOMAS
THE GOLD SHOP
276 North Street
Y. M. C. A. Building

DIAMONDS, WATCHES
CLOCKS, JEWELERY

Stop at

**The Pittsfield
Luncheonette**
45 NORTH STREET

Good Food

Well Served—Reasonable Prices



Ice Cream

Ices

Home Made Candies

“Merry Christmas”

A Hundred or More Ways to Say It.

TO HIM

A New Radio Set.
Umbrella, Bathrobe or Shaving Set.
Cigarette Case, Key Container or Belt.
Jewelry, Handkerchief, Neckwear or
Gloves.
Sweater, Neck Scarf, Fine Shirt or
Hosiery.
Knit Underwear, Nightshirt or Pa-
jamas.
Billbook, Pocketbook or Purse.
Stationery, Pencil and Pen Set or Writ-
ing Case.
Diary, Address Book or Card Set.

TO HER

Gloves, Handkerchiefs or Neckwear.
Silk Hose, Silk Underwear.
Sun or Rain Umbrella.
Perfumery, Compact, Toilet Set or
Jewelry.
Handbag, Travel Bag, Overnight Case
or Manicure Set.
Vase, Tray, Lamp or Hand Mirror.
Belt, Buckle, Silver Piece or Silver
Set.
Hoover Suction Sweeper, Table Mat or
Fancy Pillow.
Art Ticking or Cretonne Bag.

“Lay Away a Gift a Day”

HOLDEN & STONE CO.

*The Man's Shop Says It's Not
Too Late for Christmas Shopping*

If you have \$5.00 or less to spend on “his” Christmas. This is the place to come; you'll find something he needs; something in perfect taste.

GLOVES, MUFFLERS, HOSE, NECKWEAR
HANDKERchiefs, SLIPPERS, BELTS, SHIRTS
HATS and CAPS, PAJAMAS, DRESS SETS

All can be had for \$5.00 or less.



J. SUKEL & SON

Buy a Man's Gift in a Man's Shop

THE STUDENT'S PEN

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BOARD OF EDITORS

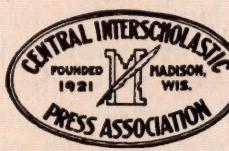
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SAVANNAH COLLEGE

God's Gift

'Tis Christmas eve.
The tall gaunt trees,
Stretch bare branches
toward the sky.
The stars are bright
And the pale moonlight
Casts a weird spell from
on high.

On roofs below
A blanket of snow
Lightly settles. Frail,
white, crystal flakes
To the iced window-pane
Cling—and struggle in vain
To escape from Jack Frost,
as he makes
Glazed fairy scenes.

And glory streams
From above as the bronze
bells ring—
To honor the birth
Of God's gift to earth—
Lord Jesus—our Saviour
and King.

Virginia Slater '28



Thought Pictures at Christmas

I DON'T know about you at all, but as for me, on and about the Christmas season, I have two mind pictures, which I couldn't do without, two pictures which make me enjoy Christmas just a little more. But, of course, as I said, I don't know about you. Very probably, you have your own mind pictures at Christmas.

* * * * *

It is a blue night on a grassy hillside in Palestine. A blue, sparkly night. In the pale, clear light of the eastern moon, the huddled sheep are massed in shapeless putty-colored blotches on the slopes. A baby lamb utters a faint, protesting bleat and stretches his funny, awkward, little legs. The shepherds seated nearby, wrapped in their loose-woven, many-hued cloaks, are dreamily watching the stars in the silent heavens. When suddenly—out of the east—a great star, a glorious star, begins its wondrous sweep across the sky. The air seems studded with points of dazzling light, golden and diamond points. The shepherds, grasping their tall crooks, leap to their feet, speechless with terror and amazement. The air is filled with heavenly strains of music, and the exulting angel voices chant the age-old triumphant chorus.

* * * * *

It is another blue night. Soft, fairy-like snowflakes are lazily sifting thru the tingling air. People are hurrying to and fro loaded down with market-baskets and bundles. Delivery trucks are rushing last minute purchases to their various destinations. A shiny-rimmed sled is left on this porch; a doll's enamelled dressing table on that one. A girl stands in a lighted doorway, waiting for a boy, who holds out to her a green box strangely suggestive of flowers.

Through a window we see a Christmas tree sparkling with rainbow-colored lights. Crystal balls bob up and down like fat fairies, and the silvery icicles shimmer like lace against green velvet. At the foot of the tree are innumerable, mysterious packages, beribboned with red and gold. Square packages, long packages, round bundles, knobby bundles, and flaxen-haired dolls and pink plush Teddy-bears, which have entirely escaped from their tissue wrappings. From the mantelpiece corpulent, bulging stockings dangle contentedly, as though wholly conscious of the joy they will bring to wee kiddies in the early morning hours.

Tall candles flicker and wag in all the windows, throwing a wavering streak of white light on the walk. Round, dark circles on the upper window-pane indicate holly wreaths, and here and there, a piece of ribbon frozen on the glass glows a dull, ruby red.

The tink-tink-tinkle of sleighbells cuts knife-edged through the silence, leaving little, pleasant echoes dancing in our thoughts. Then, as a perfect, crowning touch, come clear and bell-like, the beloved words:

"Silent night! Holy night!
All is calm, all is bright
Round yon Virgin Mother and Child!
Holy Infant, so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace,
Sleep in heavenly peace."

* * * * *

Oh, let us not forget—in the midst of love and merry-making, in our many joys and fine friendships—let us not forget that our Christ came to us in His great love on Christmas.

B. Vary '28

What to Get and Where to Get It

IN *The Student's Pen* we have various departments, each introduced by a special cut and edited by a different student. In the last few years our advertising has grown considerably and the material contained in the ads is really of great importance and interest. There has long been need for a department that would deal entirely with the advertisements and advertisers. Such a department could be made very interesting as well as amusing to the students, and maybe someday we shall have something of this sort. Our editor showed me an article in "The Scholastic Editor" which showed how one school has treated its advertisers. It was written in the novel form of a letter to the girls and told of the hoards of things contained in the city shops that every girl wants. In our paper we need something to interest boys as well as girls and, of course, we would not wish to copy the letter.

We are now in the Christmas season and everyone is counting his money and being as helpful as he can about the house. Mother and Father wink at each other when they see how extremely interested we have become in household affairs. How well they know that "Santa" is behind all this energy, but nothing is said about it.

Christmas is nearer every day and we still have our shopping to do. We don't realize how late it is, but P. H. S. students will always be able to manage some way. Here's the solution already! We needn't run around blindly—we know just where to go; that's the advantage we have over schools that do not issue advertising in their publications.

Let's see—we'll need something for the family and ever so many others. What shall we get? The answer is not difficult. All we need to do is look in the front and back pages of this book and we have the problem more than half solved. Here are the classiest scarfs and neckties; yes, and watches, jackets, hats, beads, pumps, writing materials, photographs, candy, flowers, and scores of other desirable gifts just as anxious to be purchased as we are to buy them.

You ask, "Where shall we go to look for all these gifts?"

Let's look again. Why there are the very addresses of the numerous stores where we can shop to our heart's content and to the downfall of Father's pocket-book.

Surely we should have no difficulty in shopping this year. The only possible thing which has been left undone is the securing of a car for us in which to transport this world of gifts. And I am sure if you will look more closely you will find Hanford's Taxi Service just aching to help you.

There, now that your shopping problem has been solved, I feel certain that both you and our advertisers will have a *very* Merry Christmas.

K. Bergstrom

That Contest

QUITE a number of articles were submitted in answer to the *Student's Pen* contest announced last month. In fact the discussion of the editorials appearing in that issue has been so general that it indicates that our magazine is widely read. There were many answers to the editorials in question, but they either failed to offer definite suggestions for the solution of the problems presented or offered remedies which seemed impracticable to the judge. Several of the answers were written from the critical rather than from the constructive standpoint and consequently were not eligible. The judges, therefore, decided to extend the time of the contest one month, in the hope that some student may submit a workable plan for the solution of the problems presented.

We are, however, printing in this issue an article written as an answer to "What is Wanting?" upholding the opposite side of the question. We are using this article to show that the *Student's Pen* holds no biased opinions as regards any questions which may be discussed in its pages, and that students (and teachers) should use the *Pen* as a means of expounding their ideas along scholastic lines.

The Editor

An Answer to "What Is Wanting"

BEFORE you read this article I would like you to understand that it has not been written to gain the approval of our faculty. It is simply to tell the composer of "What is Wanting?" that his opinions and mine do not correspond when the faults of P. H. S. are exposed to public comment.

"School Spirit" is not a question one would like to have dropped. It is human nature that sometimes we are enthusiastic about certain things and again

our interest subsides. We must be urged to keep this important fact in mind.

I do not believe that with the graduation of the classes of 1924, "all school activities ceased". Were I to accept that, it would be an acknowledgment that my Class has proved itself a failure.

If our ambitions are dying for lack of exercise then they are not real ambitions, for if they were, we would have discovered a method of exercising them.

Perhaps the school has slipped into "a state of lassitude" but this condition will not be improved, however, by telling the public. The remedy lies in the ambitious pupil creating something to hold our attention.

If we have assemblies which last only forty minutes, certainly they should not be continued longer when every pupil is not interested in P. H. S. By the attitude of some of them we know that outside activities occupy the most important place during the High School days.

Why have the reforms of the Student's Council failed? Because they have not been enforced. It is the duty of the Student's Council to introduce reforms tactfully and then to see that results are produced.

The situation has certainly become serious when our teachers are told they violate traffic rules when passing through the corridors. I believe every teacher in P. H. S. deserves the respect and admiration of every pupil, and should be shown, at least, courtesy as a reward for his efforts. Furthermore, teachers frequently are obliged to hurry in order to reach their classrooms as soon as possible.

In all phases of life there are always some people to be found, who accomplish duties for what they get out of them.

The teaching task is not an easy one, and a conscientious teacher performs his duties (and more) to the best of his ability. A college education has taught him that—and all our teachers are college graduates.

Composer of "What is Wanting," read over your thoughts and see if you have not exaggerated our evils somewhat. It seems to me that you have. I hope you realize that you were a bit hasty and that the opinion which you evidently possess is not the opinion, in my estimation, of the majority of pupils in P. H. S.

An Interested Student

Snow

Gay, white fairy
Dancing through the air,
Skipping, dipping,
Chasing everywhere.

Sometimes you linger,
Then softly you fall,
Like a warm white blanket
Over all.

Edith Volk



The Tale of the Mistletoe

HO-HUM! but I am stiff! I've been clinging to a slippery chandelier for more than a week, and I'm just about dead. But now they've put me in the ash can, and here I am, trying to avoid rubbing elbows with a perfectly horrid little spider. Soon I suppose I shall go the way of my ancestors, wherever that may be. But I must tell you about my experiences during my recent habitation of the parlor.

I was hung there by a young and pretty person named Carol Sargent, who seemed to have no compassion upon a poor little mistletoe that "never did no harm to nobody." She just stuck me up there on a crook of the chandelier, and took it for granted that I'd stay there. Well, I stayed, alright. I didn't want to break my vertebrae by a crash to the floor.

That evening Mr. Sargent brought in the Christmas tree, and he and Mrs. Sargent and Carol trimmed it and placed the presents around it. My, but there were loads of them! The only present I got was a red ribbon around my neck.

Then they turned out all the lights, and I was left alone. 'Twas a long and dreary night. Not a single thing happened to relieve the monotony, except when an ornament on the tree slipped to the floor with a tiny crash, and I nearly fell off the chandelier with fright.

Came the dawn, bringing with it two diminutive figures in pajamas creeping cautiously down the stairs. They entered the doorway, halting there in complete astonishment.

"Ooh," finally breathed one.

Several "ooh's" followed, then the two figures sprang toward the tree. But they had no chance to touch anything, for down came Mr. Sargent in his pajamas, his house slippers clapping loudly on the stairs.

"Here, here, you two! Up to bed with you! Don't you know any better than to get up so early? Back you go!" And he grabbed one in each arm.

"Now, Luke, let them see their things as long as they're down here. You know there'll be no peace now, anyway." This from Mrs. Sargent, who came sweeping down the stairs in one of those be-spangled kimonas or something-or-other.

"Oh, all right. But if I had told them to go ahead and enjoy themselves, you'd have called me down for allowing them to do such an unheard of thing!"

"Now, Luke, you don't need to be grouchy on Christmas. Be sweet, now, and pass out the presents. Carol"—as that sleepy young lady entered the room—"you must wait your turn as Father calls out the names."

Everyone except Mr. Sargent sat down, the mind of each set on some special thing that he or she wanted more than anything else. Mr. Sargent began:

"To Johnnie from Santa Claus.' Here. Here, now—"To Billie from Santa Claus.' Here, here. Now, let's see—"To Carol from Julian.' Well, well. Er, er—whazzis—oh, yes—"To Carrie from Luke.' Here." And so on. Before long the two smallest figures were entirely absorbed in trains, wooly dogs, toolsets, and what-not. Mrs. Sargent was experimenting with the new vacuum-cleaner, her husband was patiently trying on three different sets of sleeve garters, and looking askance at a pair of rose-colored suspenders. Carol, however, seemed interested in one present only, and why she should admire that I couldn't figure out. It was the picture of a young man with big ears and a dimple in his chin. Dimples, I understand, seem to be *the* thing just at present, so maybe that's what caused that ardent look to dwell in her eyes.

Well, noon came, and I could whiff the turkey, and only bemoan the fate of a poor little mistletoe. By stretching my neck I could glimpse the family seated around the table, the two youngsters gnawing away on legs and wings. Pretty soon a half dead little fly crept along my dwelling place, so we swapped stories all afternoon to wile away the lonely hours.

The evening of Christmas day the young man of the picture called for Carol. He was much better looking in real life than in effigy.

"Merry Christmas, Carol!"

"Same to you, Julian!"

"Thanks for the picture, Carol."

"Thank you for yours, Julian."

"Um-er-shall we start, Carol?"

"Why, yes, Julian, I think we might."

So away they went.

"Hum," said Mr. Sargent, as the door closed after them. "Y'know, Carrie, I think Carol thinks quite a lot of this here Julian."

"My Carol? Why, Luke, how idiotic! Of course she doesn't care anything about him. Why—well, she doesn't, that's all!" She was very emphatic.

Around ten o'clock the family retired, with the exception of Carol, who had not yet returned. The Christmas tree was lighted, and I felt real cheery for the first time in my life. In fact, I began to feel so hilarious that I nearly lost my hold on the chandelier.

Soon I heard feet shaking the snow off on the front porch. Carol and Julian entered the door.

"Now, Julian Briscoe, you can have your old picture, and I never want to see you or it again! I—"

But Julian had looked up at me, winked, then kissed Carol plunk on the mouth.

"Now, young lady, just mind what you're doing, or I'll double the punishment."

"Oh, Julie—I—"

Dear me, here's that abominable spider trying to get on close terms with me. Oh, help! *he's settled on my neck!*

Phyllis Lundy

Mona Craves Excitement

CHRISTMAS comes but once a year, and what of it?" Mona chanted as she sprawled on the floor.

"S'matter, old dear? You don't seem to be greatly pleased about it; I thought you were looking forward to Christmas," said her companion. She was sitting in a chair—a pleasant looking girl, but not the type people turn to look at. Everyone looked at Mona.

"Well," Mona replied, "I'm not. Ten beautiful days without school and nothing happening except the same old stuff; sleep and eat and gossip, n'go to the theatre, n'play bridge, n'—oh, you know how it is. Everyone I know is so disgustingly self-satisfied! Tell you, Connie, we've got to hunt up some excitement." She tousled her short hair. A red-haired imp was Mona, with slanting green eyes that should have been blue.

Had she been as popular as Mona, Connie would have been quite satisfied with the usual round, but obedient as always, she started for home, deep in thought. Mona dusted the living-room without being told, a sure sign that she was planning one of her escapades. Her mother grew apprehensive and Mr. Loring gazed fondly at Mona, who virtually "led him 'round by the nose."

The following night Mona approached her father, looking as innocent as it was possible for her to look, sat on his knee, made a ridiculous, little curl in the middle of his forehead and said "Dad-dy" in a honeyed voice.

"Yes, cherub, what is it?"

"Y'know there'll be no school next Monday, so I wonder if I could have the keys to the cottage. I want to have a Christmas dinner for some friends of mine. It will be a day late, but they won't mind, 'cause they aren't going to have any Christmas day."

Mr. Loring usually agreed with Mona, so he readily gave his consent and produced the keys, in case she wanted to go early and fix up the place.

"But Mona" he said, as an afterthought, "who are these people? How will you get them there and what will you feed them when you do? Perhaps you should consult your mother."

"Oh, Mother won't mind. You leave it to little Mona and her gang. Why for, have Jimmy and Pete and Bob's fathers got cars if not to take our guests to the banquet? As for food, we're all paying for a part. Our guests need help and you should be glad to give it."

When Mona had gone out for the evening, her father told Mrs. Loring of Mona's sudden philanthropy. Mona's mother knew Mona.

"Ed" she cried, "You didn't give her permission? Goodness knows what she's up to. It's too late to stop her of course; the whole town probably knows about it by now. We'll have to keep an eye on her tho, and go out there Monday. No wonder she is a harum-scarum, the way you let her manage things for herself."

Monday afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Loring betook themselves to Camp Sunny. No one heard them come for inside merriment reigned supreme. They opened the door to be greeted by strains of the latest jazz and to see Mona, in a dress that matched her eyes, demonstrating the newest dance step. But when they looked around—!!!

There on the divan in a row sat four people: a gangling youth, resplendent in a lavender shirt, dotted necktie, carefully pressed suit and brilliant yellow shoes, whom they recognized as the butcher's delivery boy; "The Rabbit" Mona called him—"His ears you know!" she explained. Next to him sat the corner bootblack, Alexander, his face shining as his thin body swayed with the music. Mona stopped dancing when she heard the exclamation from the next in line, "Oh, gee! There's her ol' man!" This was a girl, a magazine cover girl with red lips and too much jewelry, who was socially ostracized because of her father's prominence in gambling circles.

"Oh, hello, darlings!" Mona gurgled. "I thought you'd be popping along about now. The more the merrier! But first you must meet our guests."

Mr. Loring was laughing too much inside to speak, and Mrs. Loring was too horrified to object. Then followed a hectic five minutes while they met Elsie, the waitress at the Star Lunch; Clara, just too shy and awkward to get anywhere; Freckles, the elevator boy at Sargent's; Arthur Corbin alias "The Rabbit"; Alexander; and Rosalie of the painted lips. The Lorings could do little but remain seated where they were placed and watch the proceedings.

Their arrival had a somewhat dampening effect and presently the party broke up. When everyone had left Mona faced her parents, grinning.

"Mona" groaned her mother, "how could you? Those awful people—where did you find them? What will our friends think? Why must you always do such dreadful things?"

Then Mr. Loring joined the fray.

"Of course they're not the sort of friends I would choose for you, Mona, but I guess such contacts will benefit you in the end. What I can't understand is why you didn't have a party for some one who deserves it. There are many poor people who would actually appreciate it. I'm sure all of your guests, while not especially well off, are not needy; they have enough food and parties without your help. I should suggest that when you crave excitement, you do some real good."

"That," Mona replied, "is just it! Every one helps the poor people. I'll bet most of 'em had more for Christmas than we did. But no one thinks of the ones just above, who never get beyond cheap standards. It's spiritual, not physical, want. Take Rosalie for example. Her father has money enough, but look at her—lipstick inches thick, a red silk dress with a bunch of purple flowers on her shoulder. She has the same food we have, but she never ate by candle light before; she never used a napkin; she never had a meal without her

father in his shirt sleeves and her mother with her hair in curl papers. The same applies to all of them; they are in that terrible place between poverty and middle-class. This is the first time they've ever been to a dinner; the first time they've ever done anything but exist and I'm not sorry for what I've done. They are my friends and I liked it."

Her mother and father only looked at her. Mona, butterfly, selfish Mona, trying not to be, but as ever insisting upon being different. They drove home in silence and the next day Mona dusted once more without being told.

Helene Barton

The Crime of John Wheeler

LET it be understood in the beginning that stern, practical, matter-of-fact, old Samuel Wheeler deeply loved his only son, John,—more deeply, perhaps, than that son deserved.

John had always been more or less of a ne'er-do-well and had committed many acts which had well nigh broken the weary heart of his father. At the age of fourteen, he had become the terror of the neighborhood by going about with a sling, casting stones at people. It delighted him to see his victims jump. At the age of sixteen, the uncontrollable youth, after old Samuel had expressively forbidden him to do so, had taken his father's car, driven several miles from home and gone over an unfamiliar embankment because of his recklessness. He had almost succeeded in breaking his worthless neck. But this is not all; he had been fined in court for driving without a license and for driving in such a way as to endanger the lives of the public. What could have been more humiliating to the head of the House of Wheeler? The danger that the boy had risked, his narrow escape with his life, and the humiliation which John had heaped upon him nearly caused his father to break down with a spell of nervous prostration. The only excuse that can be made for John in considering these and other similar misdemeanors is the fact that he was "sowing his wild oats" early, that he had naturally a devilish nature, and that his mother's loving care had been taken from him when he had hardly reached the tender age of four.

Old Samuel had forgiven John for his offenses for those reasons; but now, at the age of twenty-three, when he should have been acquiring the dignity of more mature years, John had committed a crime which his father could not forgive, for all of the love that he felt for his boy, and the author fain would let fall a tear at the recollection of the seriousness of the case in question.

How could Samuel bear this new humiliation? How could he hold up his head in the presence of his fellowmen when he knew of his son's recent crime? Horror of horrors!!! Suppose the neighbors should discover what his boy had done! In fancy he could see the accusing eyes of the populace turned unwaveringly upon himself, the father of that wretch, John. How could he stand it? How could he stand it?? How could he stand it? O!! if John had only left those few words unspoken. What terrible suffering both of them would have escaped.

Samuel had lectured his son the evening before for his crime, and now, after a sleepless night's brooding, with his heart filled with rage and humiliation, he called John to him. "You wretch, you dastard, you unfeeling animal," he cried, when his son at last stood before him, "pack your things and get out of my house at once—at once—Do you hear? You have humiliated me too much. Go!"

"But father—" protested his son weakly.

"Go!! Go!!! Out of my house!" shrieked his father with the screech of a calliope.

"But Father—I—I—"

"Go!!! Go!!!! Out of my sight. Never darken my door again!"

In the face of this uncompromising command there was only one thing to be done. John left the house as quickly as possible, without even packing a few necessities, for the pain in his heart and the fear and shame of betraying how sorely his father's rage had hurt him, would not permit him to do so.

As his son rushed down the steps, the distorted features of Samuel Wheeler changed. He leaned with his back against the door and stood with quivering lip and fists clinched due to the strain he was under in seeking to control his emotions. A terrible fear took possession of his soul. Suppose his son should never come back! Suppose that he had made John hate him with an undying hatred! He half turned to run after him, to beg him to come back—then, throwing off this spell of weakness with a stern jerk of the head, he strode forcefully along the hall, back into the parlor, with all the austere dignity of his Puritan ancestors.

* * * * *

About a week later, John, whose heart was almost broken, both because of the agony of spirit that he had caused his father,—for there was a certain amount of good in John—and because of the separation, on no uncertain terms, which had resulted, sent a letter to old Samuel, couched in most humble terms, begging that he might be taken back into the good graces of his father on any condition whatever. The fire received this letter unopened.

Guessing what had happened from the fact that no answer had come, the lad waited another week, until his father should have relented—then sent another letter, worded in even more abject terms than the first. Surely the pride and bitter rage of old Samuel Wheeler could not have withstood the entreaty of the letter had the old man read it. But that very pride and bitterness prevented him from doing so. The fire claimed the second letter also.

Receiving no answer to the second letter within a reasonable length of time, John betook himself to his father's house, intending to make an overwhelming effort to win the forgiveness of his father. Such a terrible dispute ensued, that, when he fled from his father's house this second time, John made no effort to conceal his emotion, and the tears fell from his eyes.

A few days later, the boy, seeking to forget his misfortunes and sorrows in new surroundings, left for the West. Nothing was heard of him for many years.

* * * * *

Ten years have passed. During these ten years, old Samuel has acted very queerly. At first he stayed within his house, unless it were absolutely necessary for him to go out, until the people began to remark about his strange seclusiveness—for in former times he and his old friends had often met in the village tavern to enjoy a nip of rum together and to talk over the joys of other days. Now none of these friends—not even Judge Crawford, himself, or Postmaster Arnold—could get to him to question him about the cause of his strange attitude. They had expected him to take the terrible quarrel with his son to heart, but the length of time it was taking him to recover, had made them decide that it was the cause of the quarrel, not the quarrel itself, which was preying upon the old man's mind. Whenever they made advances to him he drew away from them and refused to speak with them. If he saw an old friend coming in his direction he would cross the street in order to avoid him.

At times people saw him mutter to himself, but if anyone should approach within hearing distance, he would become silent and hurry away.

Because of his strange actions and because of the repulses they received whenever they tried to speak to him, his friends dropped away, one by one, until finally even Judge Crawford gave him up in disgust.

At the end of these ten years, old Samuel Wheeler is friendless.

At the end of these ten years, Samuel Wheeler is almost toothless and the sparsely covered head of ten years ago is now as bare as a billiard ball. The scarcely discernible wrinkles have given place to deep furrows made by the plowmen, Time and Care. Samuel Wheeler is a very old man—the last Rose of Summer in Winter. Every day his steps become slower and slower. Every day his heart beats less strongly. The people will not be surprised to hear that he has passed away.

At last the day arrives on which he is to go on the "Long Journey." Judge Crawford, who has heard of his old crony's poor chances for recovery, is present at the bedside of the dying man, as is his informant, Dr. Thompson. The Judge realizes that the doctor has not told him the true extent of his friend's danger. He realizes that Samuel Wheeler cannot live for more than an hour at the most. Therefore, in vain he does all that he can to make the dying man's last moments easy.

"Step nearer, John," whispers old Samuel hoarsely, with a ghastly smile. "I have kept my son's secret for ten years—and it has undermined my health to contemplate it" he cried feebly. "I must confess to someone. Oh!! My God!! to think that *my* son would use—"

Here the words grew so feeble that Dr. Thompson, who had stepped back respectfully as old Samuel had called Judge Crawford nearer so, that the latter might hear his confession, could not hear them. The next instant, Judge Crawford rose from the bedside with blanched face and Samuel Wheeler fell back upon his pillow, dead.

* * * * *

John was duly informed of his father's death as were the numerous other relatives of the late Samuel Wheeler. John came back from the West and met his cousins, and other kin.

At last they were all in the parlor where the will was to be read. Squire Robert Briggs, attorney-at-law, rose with last the will and testament of the late Samuel Wheeler in his hand. A death-like stillness quickly pervaded the room. When those present realized that the will would at last be read, they discontinued the low-toned conversations with which they had been engaged, and prepared to give attention to the Squire. The latter, after a rather unnecessary speech of introduction as to his reasons for being there, read the long prosy, preamble of the document. At last he finished that and started to read that part of the will in which the bequests and legatees were mentioned. Each person present tried equally hard to appear indifferent; each as dismally failed.

"To my dear and beloved niece, Mrs. William Arnold Bennett, wife to William Arnold Bennett of Kansas City," read the Squire, "I leave and bequeath two hundred (200) shares of preferred Baltimore and Ohio Railroad stock and ten thousand dollars (\$10,000) in cash. To her daughter Lucey-Anne, I bequeath five hundred (500) shares of preferred New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad stock, to be held in trust for her by her parents until she reaches the age of twenty-one years, but to be turned over to her by said parents if she marries before attaining aforementioned age."

The listeners, who had settled back in their chairs in disappointment—except of course the legatees—leaned forward again as Squire Briggs prepared to read further. The next item was the same except that it had reference to the late Samuel Wheeler's "dearly beloved Cousin Dorothy" and her son Frederick.

John Wheeler now had an uneasy appearance which he unsuccessfully attempted to conceal.

The next heir to be mentioned was the deceased's "dearly beloved friend," Judge Crawford, to whom were left the house and furniture.

The bequests to other friends of the deceased, and lastly those to the servants were read by the squire.

By this time John was ghastly pale except for two burning red spots one on each cheek. He was to be disinherited, to be humiliated before all his relations and those who had, ten years ago, been his friends. He was to be utterly cast off by his father; and for what? For only a slip of the tongue. But no! What was that which the squire was reading.

"To my unnatural son, John James Wheeler," continued that worthy, "I leave one dollar (\$1.00) and no cents."

That was all. It was more than enough. John, whose hopes had been elevated by the mere mention of his name and because he had realized that he was not to be wholly disinherited after all, was stunned by the legacy left him. It was harder to bear than it would have been had he been wholly disinherited. He had been bequeathed a dollar—only that. By legal technicalities, an effort on his part to contest the will, would prove futile. His father had cast him off.

As the full meaning of the words penetrated the stunned brain-cell of John Wheeler, he rose to his feet in a half-hysterical fit.

"God! Oh, God in *Heaven*!" he cried, "He has cut me off. He has cut me off. And Why? Why? WHY?? Ha, ha, ha, ha! Aha, ha, ha, ha! I haven't

robbed anyone! I haven't murdered anyone! I haven't renounced my religion! To think that my own father would cut me off for using a split infinitive—only for using a split infinitive. Ha, ha, ha, ha! Cursed be all split infinitives."

For the third time John Wheeler rushed from that house, with more speed than dignity.

Clyde Charles '29

The Opportunity of Stevens

A play in two acts by George H. Beebe

CAST OF CHARACTERS

William Morgan, *a contractor of note*
Office Boy
Butler Stevens
Mary Stevens, *his mother*
John Barker, *business manager of Morgan Co.*
Bridget, *the maid at Morgan Apartment*
Patrick O'Flynn, *a policeman*

SCENE

Act I. Private office of the William Morgan Co., New York City. November.
Act II. Scene 1. Living Room at the Morgan Apartment. December 20.
Scene 2. The same. Christmas Eve.

ACT I

At the rise of the curtain we find an up to date business office. Two windows at the back look out upon the roofs of a number of business blocks and a door at the right leads to the outer office. We can detect on the glass in the door—William Morgan, Private. The room is furnished with elaborate office furniture and in the center of the stage we find a large mahogany desk at which Mr. Morgan is sitting. He is a short, stocky man of about fifty; small mustache and well dressed. Leaning back in the revolving chair in which he is sitting with a cigar in the corner of his mouth, he is looking over some papers. He wears a worried look and after switching his cigar to the other corner of his mouth, he picks up the telephone.

Morgan: Give me Queens 2480! (Pause) Hello, is Baker there? Let me speak to him! Baker? Morgan speaking! Any sign of the men going back to work. So they're going to keep on striking, eh! Well, the theater man was just here and he was up in the air. Something's got to be done—what—yes, I'm trying to get ahold of old man Dreyfus and if I don't succeed—well, you know the circumstances, Baker! Let me know if anything happens. (He puts down the phone and starts rummaging through his papers as the office boy enters. He is a short, freckled face boy of about twelve. Well, what is it?

Office Boy: There's a guy out der wants to see ya!

Morgan: I can't be bothered with any agents. Who is it?

Office Boy: He says it's about the Empire T'eat'r buildin'.

Morgan: Oh, it must be Dreyfus. Show him in!

(The office boy goes to the door and beckons. Butler Stevens enters. He is a young man about twenty years old, fine build, and all in all presents an excellent appearance.)

Butler: How do you do, sir! My name is Butler Stevens.

Morgan: (Nods) Sit down won't you. (Points to a chair at the right of his desk.) Well, what can I do for you?

Butler: I heard that you were looking for somebody to take charge of the work at the Empire Theater and I came to see if you would give me a chance at it.

Morgan: (Grunting) Huh! Why, my boy, it is going to take an older and more experienced man than you to finish that job. How did you happen to find out that I was looking for someone?

Butler: Mr. Dreyfus. You see, I have been working for his company for the past two years and when he found that it would be impossible for him to take the job in his own hands, he sent me over to see you.

Morgan: So he won't be able to take it, eh! Son, I'd like to give you a chance but the building has got to be ready by Christmas and I cannot take any chances. You see it's this way. When I took the contract last April, I gave a guarantee that if it wasn't finished by Christmas, I would not expect the money that was coming to me. I didn't want to make this agreement but there was so much time that I saw no harm in making it. The building went up in fine style until Mr. Jones, my old foreman, died. Around to middle of October, the progress was so slow that I cut down the wages and I guess for this reason and because they didn't like their new boss, they went on a strike. Now I'm obstinate, I admit, and I wasn't going to give in to them for I expected that they would go back to work soon but two and a half weeks have passed and though I have promised to give them their old wages again, they vow that they will not work under the same foreman. I have been unable to find one and the theater people are howling for they have already advertised their gala opening on Christmas. They threaten to turn the work over to another company and if I lose out on this contract, the company will be on the verge of bankruptcy and—well, something has got to be done.

Butler: I understand perfectly, Mr. Morgan, and even though it is a big undertaking, I know that I can put it across if you'll only give me a chance.

Morgan: But I tell you we need someone with more experience. You have stated that you have been at this game only two years, and that isn't long enough to take a job like this in your hands.

Butler: But in that time I've studied this business very carefully and know more about it than the average man who has been at it for two years. Mr. Dreyfus has taken an interest in me and taught me many things about the game. I'll tell you what we'll do. Let me take the job until you can get another man; surely that's a fair enough proposition.

Morgan: If everything you say is true, I am willing to give you a chance. What money do you want?

Butler: Whatever money you have been giving your other foremen.

Morgan: (Considering) Fair enough! I have been giving Stanley \$150 per week. (Rises and extends his hand) Son, good luck to you! (They shake hands.) I'll have the men at work to-morrow. By the way, I had better get your address. (He picks up a pad and pencil) Your name is Stevens?

Butler: Yes, sir. Butler Stevens!

Morgan: Where do you live?

Butler: 7009 Pennsylvania Avenue, Newark. You can reach me by calling Newark 8294.

Morgan: Are you married?

Butler: No, sir, I live with my mother.

Morgan: Father dead?

Butler: No, but he doesn't live with us. He and my mother quarreled and well—

Morgan: I see. Well, son, you must remember that Christmas is but a month away and you have a lot to accomplish. I'm trusting you, my boy, to make good.

Butler: Just have faith and patience Mr. Morgan. Well, I must be going. (He rises and starts for the door.)

Morgan: Mr. Baker, my business manager, will be there in the morning to show you what's to be done and introduce you to the men.

Butler: Yes, sir, and thank you for giving me this opportunity. You don't know what it means to me to get this job. Well, good day, Mr. Morgan. (Exits.)

Morgan: Good day (Nods) (He seats himself at his desk and lights a new cigar and after taking several puffs, shifts it to the corner of his mouth. He picks up the phone.)

Give me Queens 2480. (Pause) Is that you Baker? Morgan speaking! Say, I don't know whether I'm an old fool or not but I've just engaged a young fellow by the name of Stevens and—

Curtain

ACT II—Scene I

The scene is laid in an elaborate drawing room. There is an alcove in the rear with windows looking out on snow covered roofs. A door at the right leads to the hallway while a door at the left opens into the dining room. The alcove is fitted with a settee and writing table. At the right center there is an overstuffed lounge and at the left, a chair to match with a small table against its back. A telephone rests on the table and a jar of cigars.

At the rise of the curtain the stage is empty. The ringing of the phone brings on Bridget, the maid. She is Irish, (naturally, with a name like that), about thirty years of age and is dressed in a loud dress.

Bridget: (Picking up the phone.) Hillo, yis, this is Mr. Morgan's. No, he isn't here at the prisint but he'll be back most anytime now. Oh, it's you, is it, Mr. Baker. I'll be tellin' Mr. Morgan when he comes in, yis. (She puts down the phone and goes over to the dining room door.) Pat, oh! Pat. Cume in. (Patrick O'Flynn enters.)

Patrick: Do ye'se think it'll be safe to cume in?

Bridget: Sure. It's not the likes of Mr. Morgan that would be mad. Cume in and sit down. (He crosses and seats himself in the big chair.)

Patrick: What are yez all dressed up for, Bridget, me dear.

Bridget: Me brother Denny is comin' home today.

Patrick: I t'ought it wuz for foive years he wuz sint up?

Bridget: He wuz; but he got a year off for good behavyure.

Patrick: An' sure, it must be a great comfort for ye to have a good brother like that.

Bridget: Yis, an' it's the likes of yez that sint him up.

Patrick: Yis, and it wuz a good thing for him that they did!

Bridget: It is, is it. Patrick O'Flynn, 'get out of here and don't ever let me be seein' the likes of yez around here agin'. (She picks up the floor lamp and holds it as though she meant action.)

Patrick: But, now listen, Bridget, me dear—

Bridget: Git, if yez value your life. (He leaps up and runs out through the dining room door, as Mr. Morgan enters.)

Morgan: (To Bridget who still has the lamp aloft) Well, what's the meaning of this?

Bridget: Sure an' I be doin' me daily dozen!

Morgan: (With a chuckle.) Wll, I guess you had better try such maneuvers elsewhere after this.

Bridget: (putting down the floor lamp) Sure an' I guess I'm thin enough now. And Mr. Baker called up an' sed he'd be here to yez at eight.

Morgan: All right, Bridget, that will do. (The doorbell rings. She starts for it.) I'll take care of it, Bridget. (She goes out.) It's probably Baker. (Baker comes in. He is a tall man of about forty-five, gray at the temples, and carries himself erect.)

Baker: (Dropping his hat on the chair and crossing to the center) I came up to see if you want to engage Stevens for the new contract we've got? I wouldn't have come here about such business except that he is leaving for home tonight for Christmas and I wanted to find out. Sort of a Christmas present for him—

Morgan: Well, if I didn't, I would be a bigger fool than you make me out to be. A boy that can take the job he did and get it done nearly a week before time, surely deserves some credit.

Baker: I thought you would, but I wanted to make sure. He certainly saved you from ruin, I think, Mr. Morgan.

Morgan: He did, and I appreciate it more than he thinks.

Baker: I don't want to interfere with your plans any, Mr. Morgan, but Butler told me that he was going to bring his mother into New York on Christmas Eve to dinner, and a theater afterwards. I thought that since you are alone here, it would be nice if you invited them here for dinner and then took them to the opening at the Empire afterwards.

Morgan: Baker, that's a wonderful idea. You're certainly some manager. It is pretty lonesome here but more so on Christmas Eve. I suppose it's because it brings back old memories.

Baker: Butler will be up in a minute. I left him talking with an old friend in the lobby. I'm going to drop him off at the station for he's taking the nine-ten train.

Morgan: Baker, I've taken a liking to that boy. For one thing, he is so faithful to his mother, secondly, he is an earnest worker and one that I've been trying to find for a long time and—(The doorbell rings.) that must be him now! (He opens the door to admit Butler.)

Butler: How are you this evening, Mr. Morgan? Certainly cold weather we're having.

Morgan: Yes! Sit down won't you, we've got a little offer to make you. Wonder if you want to take the job of redecorating the Racine Building on 60th St.?

Butler: Will I! Oh, Mr. Morgan, that's certainly fine of you. I knew I could make good if given the opportunity.

Morgan: And Stevens, I'm such a lonely old fellow here, especially on Christmas, that I would like to have you and your mother come here for dinner Christmas Eve and go to the opening of the Empire afterward, that is—if you care to!

Butler: I certainly would and I know my mother would be delighted. I tell you Mr. Morgan, you're doing more for me than you realize—perhaps you'll understand what I mean someday.

Morgan: I don't understand!

Butler: Well, it's best to let it drop now. By the way, what time do you wish us to be here, Friday.

Morgan: (Puzzled at what has been said) Why-er-oh! well, say we have dinner at seven-thirty if that is agreeable with you.

Butler: Fine and thank you again! Well, Baker, I guess we had better be going. I don't want to miss that train.

Baker: No! (Picking up his hat.) Well, goodnight, Mr. Morgan.

Butler: I'll see you about that new contract next week. Goodnight.

Morgan: Goodnight. (They exit. He crosses to the center of the stage and stands looking puzzled.) "Perhaps you'll know what I mean some day." Huh!

Curtain

ACT II—Scene 2

The stage is decorated with streamers, and wreaths hang in the windows. Mr. Morgan is seated on the lounge reading a paper. When the clock strikes the half hour, he rises, and goes back to the window. The doorbell rings and after a few seconds of waiting, he crosses nervously and opens the door. Butler enters.

Morgan: Well, my boy, I'm mighty glad to see you. Why, where is your mother, didn't she come?

Butler: Yes, sir, she's out in the hall! Mr. Morgan, I want to prepare you for a surprise.

Morgan: What do you mean?

Butler: (He goes to the door and beckons and his mother comes in.)

Morgan: (Startled) Why, Mary!

Mary: (She opens her eyes wide.) Wil—William!

Butler: Please sit down, both of you. Come mother, come over here and sit. (She crosses with him to the lounge and sits down.) Please Mr. Mor—father. (Mr. Morgan crosses in a daze and sits in the chair.)

Butler: Mother and Dad, it was just twelve years ago tonight that you two parted. Since then both of you have been too proud to make up. I've watched you both and know that in that time you have been very unhappy. It is not fair to me or to yourselves to go on this way. If there is any time in a boy's life when he needs a father, it is between the ages of ten and twenty. I had to fight it out alone in that time, and though mother has tried to be both, she hasn't succeeded on the father's part as well as she might have. Can't you two forget the past and make this the most wonderful Christmas we have ever had?

Morgan: Then you—you are my son! Oh! I realize what a fool I've been and I'm willing to forget it all. These past twelve years have been nightmares to me but my pride was too great to give in. (Rises and crosses to his wife)

Mary: Can you forgive me?

Mary: (looking up with tears in her eyes) William, it was all my fault, I'm the one who should ask to be forgiven. When I think what we quarreled over I—

Butler: This is the happiest moment in my life. I've been looking forward to this for a long time. Dad, I learned the contractor's business from Dreyfus, but I lied to you about my name and about his having sent me to you. I knew he wasn't going to take it and so I saw that it was my only opportunity. You will never know how hard I worked to finish that building on time and I always had this meeting in view. Thanks to Baker, this dinner was arranged and then I realized that my dream was coming true.

Morgan: I'm proud of you, Robert! To think that it took you to bring me back to the ones I've missed and to save me from possible ruin.

Robert: Let's forget everything and look to the future!

Morgan: (Rather embarrassed) If you'll excuse me, I'll see how soon dinner will be ready. (Exits).

Robert: Come mother, let's be gay. All our worries are over once more we can look forward to happiness.

Mary: Robert, I'm so proud of you!

Morgan: (Rushing in) Good Lord, Bridget, the maid, and her beau, Patrick, have gone to get married. I'm afraid we'll have to go out to dinner.

Mary: Why, William, I'll get the things ready.

Morgan: Oh! no, I wouldn't let you go out there and work for all the money in the world.

Mary: Don't be silly. You know I love to cook. (Starting for the door) I'll make some of those turnovers that you used to like so well.

Morgan: You will! All right! I'm sure you'll find everything you want to make them with. (She exits) Son, I've never been so happy in my life as I am now. And now I can change the name of the firm like I have always wanted to from William Morgan Co. to William Morgan and Son. (He laughs).

Robert: (Locking arms with his father and starting for the dining room.) Well, Dad, you can attribute all this to one thing.

Morgan: And what's that?

Robert: The opportunity of Stevens. (They both exit laughing.)

Curtain

The Siege of Castle Trevallian

THE wind of a late December evening soughed thru the leafless trees in the forest adjoining the manse of Earl Geoffrey Trevallian. The great estate, now lying barren and dreary beneath the contemplative eye of a crescent moon, had been the ancestral country seat of the house of Trevallian for generations.

It was just such a night as this, when Ferdinand the Fearless, the greatest "gentleman highwayman" of old England, determined to lie in wait for a party of travelers, who had come a weary distance to attend the annual celebration at the Castle Trevallian in honor of Hugh the Mighty, first and greatest of the line.

It was the year 1043; the Order of the Hospitallers had been founded, but three short months before. The castle was agog, lanterns and beacons flashed from each of the hundreds of narrow embrasures, ordinarily used for windows, thru which the embattled defenders of the castle hurled barbed pikes and spears down upon the besiegers.

Tonight there was no hint of treachery as the travelers rode gaily along, conversing and laughing right merrily. Suddenly the party was commanded to halt. A short, squat figure leaped from the bushes, followed by full five-score heavily armed varlets. Sadly the travelers gave up their fat purses to the outlaws, for what could they, a mere handful, do against so great a band? Not a sword was drawn, not a blow was struck. With a mocking flourish of his plumed hat, the outlaw chieftain waved the unlucky travelers on.

The few remaining miles to the castle were covered in a short time. The cheerful greetings of the seneschal went unheeded as the mortified band filed slowly into the castle. They resolved, however, to put as good a face as possible upon the matter. Before the evening was much more advanced, the travelers, all doughty trenchermen and bibbers, were so deep in their cups that they began to forget about their experience of a few hours before. All wealthy men, the only real loss they had suffered had been to their dignity. They rejoiced, now that the affair was over, that the precious gifts of fabulous jewels they had brought to their host had escaped capture, being concealed in the saddlebag of a humble equerry. The jewels, valued at thousands of pounds, were carelessly spread out upon the great table in the center of the great banqueting hall.

Suddenly a horrid rasping sound, followed by fiendish yells and oaths was heard. The sound of a great conflict floated in thru the open windows. The curses and imprecations gained in volume.

"The bandits have come for more booty; they will surely seize the jewels this time", was the thought that ran thru every mind. The castle must be defended at all costs!

"To the battlements," shouted Earl Geoffrey, the host. Spearmen, bowmen, archers sprang to their stations. Hurriedly secreting the jewels about his person, Lord Trevallian commanded everyone to sell his life dearly, if need be, but on no account to let the outlaws capture the castle.

One man, more hardy than the rest, went to a window and looked down into the courtyard. What a sight he beheld! Now the cause of the rasping sound and the noise of a great conflict was plain. No horde of bloodthirsty villains was besieging the castle. No band of robbers threatened the jewels. No crowd of murderers were struggling with the castle guard.

Oh no, gentle reader, it was only another one of those fool knights of the Order of Hospitallers trying to remove his knight clothes with a dull canopeiner.

Robert G. Newman

A Winter Escapade

CAN you imagine that, Mother, the idea of grand-uncle Joseph thinking that I am a boy? Can you feature a staid, old bachelor asking a couple of nephews, whom he has never seen, to a Christmas houseparty that he is giving for a crowd of young people?"

The girl who spoke was a pretty young miss, about nineteen years of age.

Frances Baker was one of those tall, graceful girls, the proud possessor of a boyish figure. Her crowning glory was reddish brown and closely cropped. She had a complexion which was the envy of many less fortunate maidens. Her eyes were large and wide-set, and, regardless of her rather flighty manner, had a dreamy far-away look in them.

After her mother had left the room she sat thoughtfully contemplating the invitation. Suddenly she was seized with an idea. She jumped up and rushed into her brother's room.

Her long-suffering brother looked up from his book on radio and said resignedly, "Well, what is it now?"

Franny announced her intention of borrowing half his wardrobe, for the following week, and on being asked exactly what mischief she was planning now, she told him her scheme.

"But, I say, you can't do that Fran," expostulated Jack weakly, "That isn't decent. Why Mother would have a fit if she thought you were going to Uncle Joe's rigged up like a boy."

Poor Jack was silenced by a look and as usual surrendered.

On the following Wednesday Frances and Jack were rather early arrivals at Uncle Joe's country home. They were greeted warmly, Uncle Joe remarking about what a fine, young man Frances had grown to be.

That night at dinner almost everyone was present but one: a rather mysterious Ned Sherman. Uncle Joe would say nothing about him but that he was very handsome. Of course the girls were immediately a-flutter. The fellows weren't quite as excited about it. Although they didn't descend to discuss this "Beau Brummel", they unconsciously set their ties straighter, slicked their hair, and thought that they *must* be as handsome as this Ned Sherman.

That evening Frances had succeeded in making many feminine hearts flutter by little flattering attentions to their possessors. She was very much occupied in making a fluffy little blond think she was her ideal, when the girl became suddenly disinterested in Fran's rather spirited love-making and stood staring at the door.

"Oh, isn't he *divine*?" she breathed.

Frances turned quickly, and abruptly faced six feet of magnificent, manly beauty. She stood stock-still, rooted to the floor with awe, so unusual was the vivid pink of his cheeks, the deep blue of his eyes, and the tawny gold of his hair. Yet this stranger was not effeminate; his chin was square and stubborn, and those blue eyes were cold and appraising. Frances noticed the stupendous breadth of his shoulders.

"Football!", she thought rapturously.

She had never been in love before but surely those queer, little thrills running up and down her spine must mean that this was love.

Impulsively, she started to take possession of this new arrival as she had always done with the best looking man in the crowd, when, with a little gasp, she realized she was dressed as a boy and he would never look at her with all these dainty young ladies around him.

All evening Frances was miserable. She saw all the prettier girls vamping Ned, her Ned. Yes, he was her Ned. Didn't she want him? Of course she did.

Her mind wandered on and on. She lost all interest in her heart-breaking career of the early evening. She sent on their way many disgusted maids, who wondered why Uncle Joe had ever invited such an unsociable stick as Frances Baker.

Franny could stand it no longer. She rushed to her room and threw herself across her bed. She showered abuse upon herself for being so foolish as to come as a boy.

Very soon her brother came sauntering in and inquired the reason for her grief.

"Why," he said, "I thought you would knock the door down, you went out so fast."

Receiving no response to this intended pleasantry he suddenly looked enlightened and inquired, disdainfully "Say Fran, you're not in love with that Ned Sherman, are you?"

Fran only sobbed harder. Taking her silence for confession in the affirmative, Jack left the room, with a puzzled, disgusted frown on his brow.

The next morning Frances didn't get up for breakfast, pleading that she had a headache. It didn't make her feel any better when her helpful brother arrived and brought her the heart-breaking news that the fluffy-blond, Felicia West, was monopolizing Ned.

"Well," said Franny, "If I can't have Ned, she isn't going to either."

That afternoon Franny began to put her resolution into effect. She had followed Felicia and Ned into the conservatory and was sitting concealed behind a plant.

Felicia edged nearer to Ned and straightened his tie.

"You know I think—" began Felicia.

"Achoo," came from behind the plant.

Felicia sprang back startled.

A sheepish, crestfallen figure unsteadily rose from behind a huge, rubber plant, and unobtrusively slipped out of the conservatory. An apology had dried on her lips.

"Do you know I think—" again began Felicia.

But Frances, not to be daunted, had recovered her composure. She entered again the hot-house from which a moment before she had made her ignominious exit and halted before the two.

"May I have the pleasure of your company at bridge?" This was not the discomfited Frances speaking, but a gallant who ardently begged a lady's favor.

"Oh, I suppose so", said the ungracious Felicia, seeing that she was to have no peace.

That evening Uncle Joe had planned to have a big dance for the young people. Franny wanted to go to that dance badly, but as her own, sweet self. But what would Uncle Joe think? Well, at least she was going to tell him. When Franny told him, Uncle Joe thought it had been a good joke and promised to keep her real identity a secret until evening.

That evening a vision of loveliness descended the stairs. Franny had put on her most beautiful dress and her feet were encased in slippers which would have been the envy of Cinderella.

To Ned Sherman, who saw her standing framed in the large doorway, she seemed to be the most beautiful creature he had ever seen.

That evening at the dance Frances was completely monopolized by Ned. They sat in the conservatory and this time Frances didn't interrupt when Ned said, "Fran, as a boy I thought you were a pretty good fellow, but as a girl—well really, I think you're the *sweetest* one I have ever met."

Margaret G. Thomson '28

Christmas Spirit

Now comes the great day when the world's all aglow
With friendship and every good feeling;
Drab earth clothes herself in white garments of snow,
And, "Peace on earth," church bells are pealing.

Bright holly and mistletoe, feasting and mirth
Add joy to the gay Christmas season;
In our merriment oft we are prone to forget
Whom we honor, and why, the Great Reason.

James A. McKenna
Comm'l.

Essays and Specials



At Christmas Time

EVERY year at Christmas time the world takes on an aspect of gaiety and merriment. The shop windows are filled with all manner of good and beautiful things. The streets are thronged with people, who carry countless packages and parcels. Everyone is happy and gay. It is Christmas.

Let us, you and I, take a walk through the streets the night before Christmas. It is snowing softly, and a pure, white blanket gently covers the earth. The wind rustles the falling mantle of snow, winding and twisting it—whirling flakes aloft, only to cease—and the snow continues to fall. We button up our coats and wander down the street. People hurry by, talking and laughing. Some one shouts "Merry Christmas!" and all of us answer him—in our hearts. People pass by—their faces alight with the spirit of Christmas. Their eyes shine with love, for tonight about the fireplace their loved ones will gather again. It is Christmas, and all men's hearts are joyful.

Jolly Santa Claus's stand at each street corner; their bright red coats and silvery beards gleaming through the snow, symbols of the Christmas spirit. Small children crowd around their benevolent patron saint, eagerly demanding what he has for them in his brown sack. Were they good? Yes. Then Santa has something for them.

We wonder at the spirit of Christmas. It is contagious; everyone has it, whether he will or no. People laugh and shout boisterously. The world becomes one huge family.

We wander slowly down a quiet street. It is still snowing and one can hear the gentle swish of the falling flakes, and a soft breeze moves the bare branches.

A door opens down a lane of falling snow, a dagger of golden light pierces the gloom and outlines a fantastic pattern on the white drifts. A man's cheery voice calls a greeting; children's happy voices ring out—then the door closes, and we are left in the snow.

Suddenly, faint and ethereal, come the beautiful strains of "Holy Night"—the song of Christmas—the song of elation in men's souls—the song of love and peace.

We gladly turn our footsteps homeward to seek our own hearth and firesides. It is Christmas and "on earth Peace and Goodwill toward men."

Henry Klinke '28

Passing by at Christmas

HAVE you ever loitered on a busy street corner at Christmas time, and watched the holiday shoppers passing by? It is a wonderful, ever-changing pastime. Everyone seems happy and filled with joy; and all seem to be in a terrific hurry. Why? That's a question for conjecture.

Let us stand by Rieser's in our own city, about five o'clock, a week or so before Christmas. Oh, look at that man carrying a "Kiddie-Kar". Wonder how on earth he's going to smuggle it in without his boy seeing it? He certainly does look happy. His clothing is frayed and worn; but his eyes are merry, and his face just shines with the joy of living.

For heaven's sake—what is this? Oh, now I see—a woman with a box as big as herself, wrapped in heavy brown paper, knotted and tied with red cord. She is surely on her way to the post office. I'll wager she's a mother sending a Christmas box to her son, who can't come home for vacation. Something about that box makes me wish I were that boy. I just know there are pounds of home-made candy, and a fat layer cake with cocoanut frosting, underneath the cover.

Well, here come the factory people, hoping to do a little shopping before the stores close. Everyone of them has some definite thing in mind, and must do it in the shortest possible time.

Now, what do you know about this? Here comes a man with a large, curly-haired doll in his arms. At every step the doll utters "Ma-a-a-ma" in a high, squeaky voice. He must have been so intent on catching his car that he couldn't wait to have his purchase wrapped up.

I never feel really satisfied until I see a group of home-coming students like these—loaded down with suitcases and packages. Aren't they happy? Somehow, I always want to say "Merry Christmas, and a happy vacation!" when I see them.

There goes a mailman—you know, I think that being a postman must be a very soul-satisfying and heart-warming business. What joy he brings into countless homes.

Going? Well, we've been here an hour or so. Fun, isn't it? Me? No, not for a while yet. 'Why?' Oh, I want to watch the tired store people on their way home; it inspires me so—this passing throng.

M. Read '28



Star of the East

Star of the East,
Jewel of the sky,
Shed on us Thy light from on high;
Light our way to the manger bed
Where wise men kneel with bended head.

Star of the East,
Brilliant, yet mild,
Lead us, as the shepherds, to the Child,
Lead us to Him, and Mary sweet,
To lay our offerings at their feet.

Oh, star of the East,
Light our path,
Through earth's long journey, till at last
By the radiance we find the blessed,
Peace, comfort, and eternal rest.

Grace Mochrie

The Chimes

So soft, so sweet, so low.
Just an echo o'er the snow,
Sweet cathedral chimes.

Soft they ring, as of yore,
Dying, then proclaim once more
The same sweet tale.

Then ring out in fullest tone,
Ringing, ringing, while alone
I gaze in awe.

Then again they die away,
While their sweet notes seem to say:
"Peace on Earth!"

Vera Victoreen '29

The Lonely Castle

High on a hill my castle stands,
Against the sky's tall blue;
I built it with these very hands—
Tower on tower it grew.
I built the turrets on each side,
I planned each curve, each line;
And when it stood complete, I cried,
"Lo, it is mine! All mine!"

High is the hill, but not so tall
As the stars that distant glow;
And I can hardly see at all
The road that winds below.
Too tall for road, too low for sky,
Suspended in mid-air:
Not high enough, and yet too high—
It is lonely, lonely there.

I built the castle purposing
That it should be my own....
Possession is an empty thing
If you are all alone.
I am alone with futile dreams—
The only friends I find,
Except the bird that answering screams
To the timbreless voice of the wind.

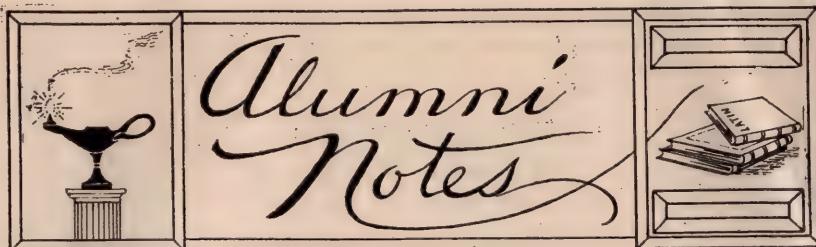
Helen Pfund

Blue-Grey

I want to be out in the grey sea-mist
With the dark waves, breaking the silent calm,
Falling like drunkards around the ship,
Pressing the sides with a soft, low hiss—
Out in my gentle ship alone,
With the vagrant, deep, and shadowing sea,
Not lost, but steering far from home,
The mute and never-moving skies,
Like children afraid to speak too loud,
Staring with cold, unfriendly eyes.

I want to be out in the mist alone,
Out in the mist, far from home.

Elizabeth W. Seaver '29



It is interesting to notice that the following articles were received from *Alumni* of Pittsfield High School. The first was written for the *Pen* by a student at Worcester Academy, the second by one attending Williams College. We hope that more of our former graduates will write us letters telling where they are and what they are doing.

"Prep" School

There are several delusions concerning "prep" school which are quite common to those who have never attended one. The most common is that scholastically, a "prep" school is either a snap, or out and out drudgery. That is to say, a "prep" school is either a place where genial loafers go to loaf or "dumbbells" go to cram. There are many other ideas as common as this one and fully as false. In this article I shall try to clear up a few of these superstitions although I realize what a task it will be, for I had the same mistaken impressions not so long ago!

In a good "prep" school (most of them have to be good in order to survive) the fellows are neither locked in, nor allowed to run wild. The studies are undoubtedly harder than in high school. The work taken up is much the same, but it is studied more intensively, the assignments are longer, and the classes are kept small enough so that the instructors can keep close check on each member. "Prep" schools, as I know, do not breed snobbishness. On the contrary, I believe that new fellows are shown more real consideration and friendliness than they would receive at the hands of the average high school clique. Evening privileges are granted one night a week to students who are passing all their courses. On other nights students must be in their rooms from seven until ten o'clock. These three hours are said to be the best training for college in the whole institution. One not only studies, but one learns how to study—a thing invaluable at college.

The chief difference between the high school and "prep" school, as I see it, is that in the latter, studies are the center of importance while in the former, outside interests take first place. The real pursuit of knowledge is relegated to the background.

To sum up, I might say that if a fellow finishes high school in good scholastic standing with a clear idea of where he wishes to go, and with absolute confidence in his ability "to make the grade" at college, then he should certainly go there, and he is foolish to spend time at secondary work. If, on the other hand, he is not certain of where he would like to matriculate; if his requirements are in rather a sketchy condition, and if he feels unprepared to face the struggle of college life and the strain of being on his own responsibility, if he wants to "find himself" before taking the leap into higher education, then "prep" school can and will certainly be beneficial to him.

An Alumnus of '27

O Mountain

Pinnacle of stone
Gray-cold
In the dawn,
Shredding the flimsy clouds
Of misty morn,

Monument

To all things High,
You are Faith.

Granite pillars,

Sword blades
In the moonlight,
Strength of stone;
Warmth of Beauty;
You are Truth.

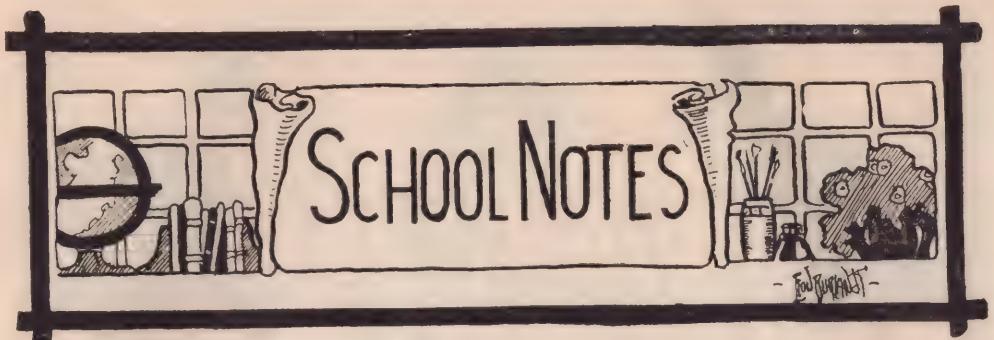
*An Alumnus of '27
Williams '31*

'17 On June 30th a reunion of graduates and former members of the class of 1917, was held at No Name Cottage. Sherrill Bates was chairman of the committee in charge and was assisted by Mrs. Howard Reynold (Beulah Coleman), Charles Cole, Harry Handler, and Walter Haskins. Lorne B. Hulsman, a former principal, attended. From the one-hundred-ten members of the class approximately thirty-four are married, three are teachers, three have entered the medical world, one is a clergyman, and one has died. The remainder are engaged in business of various types. This affair proved to be most enjoyable, and old acquaintances were renewed. Perhaps this event will urge other classes to hold reunions and remain interested in P. H. S.

'23 James Foley (known to many as "Cap") graduated in June from Notre Dame University *Magna cum laude*. He is now teaching English at Holy Cross College, where many of his Pittsfield friends, students at the college, now regard him as "one of the faculty."

'24 Dorothy Rhoades has been made a member of the Greek and Latin Clubs at Smith College. Pittsfield High School may well be proud of this alumna as such honors are given only after a candidate has proved that she is worthy of them.

Edwin Hebert, a junior at Cornell University, was initiated recently into Chi Epsilon, an honorary civil engineering society. Nineteen students in the entire college are elected annually to this society in recognition of their high scholastic standing. This year seven members of the junior class were selected.



Armistice Day Assembly

The Armistice Day assembly, held Friday, November 12th, was in charge of the Senior A Class and the C.M.T.C. Club. Because of the large attendance from both buildings, this assembly might easily be termed the most successful this semester.

As the orchestra opened the program with a brilliant march selection, the ex-service men of the faculty, Mr. Brierly, Mr. Bulger, Mr. Russell, Mr. Herrick, Mr. Nugent, Mr. Holly, and Coach Carmody, mounted the platform together with Commander Frank Crippen of the American Legion. When reveille had been sounded by Dave Dellert, the entire assemblage gave the salute to the American flag. The "Star Spangled Banner" was then sung with the school orchestra accompanying.

Commander Crippen, the speaker of the morning, was introduced by Robert Wagner, who acted as chairman. Mr. Crippen recently returned from the second A.E.F. convention at Paris. He gave us some very interesting information concerning the conditions in the three countries that suffered most from the war: Germany, France, and Belgium. His description of that first Armistice Day was so vivid that I am sure all of us could picture the "Huns" breaking through the lines to tell our boys that they were glad the war was over and that peace would reign once more. However, Commander Crippen gave us something more than this to think about. Are we Americans, who so faithfully kept "the home fires burning", forgetting our duty to the boys who sacrificed their lives for ours? We hope not, but certain things in Mr. Crippen's speech showed us that we are not being true to those who kept "the rendez-vous with death."

At the conclusion of Commander Crippen's speech, "America the Beautiful" was sung, after which a proclamation from Governor Fuller was read by John Curtis.

Retreat and taps were then sounded by Dave Dellert. As taps was being played, a silence fell over the auditorium that could be felt by all present. As the last sweet note died away, and the quiet was about to break, there came from above the echo, sounded by Victor Wagner. It was as if the voices of our departed heroes were answering:

Day is done
Gone the sun
From the lake,
From the hills,
From the sky,
All is well
Safely rest
God is nigh.

Grace Mochrie



Squeek—Squack—This is radio station S-T-U-D-E-N-T-'S P-E-N, broadcasting direct from the main studio at Pittsfield High School, Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

Today we are presenting the usual monthly Exchange Department hour and are broadcasting through a number of stations, including: M-I-S-S-L-E, at Petersburg, Va., C-R-I-T-I-C, at Lynchburg, Va., O-R-A-C-L-E, at Abington, Penn., S-H-U-C-I-S, at Schenectady, N. Y., and many others.

The first thing on the program is a short talk by the editor of the Exchange Department, Mr. George H. Beebe, who will conduct the entire program.

Squeek—reeek—Oooooo—

"Good afternoon, radio friends. We are very glad to be with you again and hope that our program today will be an enjoyable one as well as helpful to you. When I became editor of the exchange department a year ago, I found that our school was receiving publications from about forty other schools. Slowly we have eliminated some of these from our exchange list, and today, we are very proud to be able to have in our possession, some of the best school papers in the country. In short we are trying to make our exchange department one of the best in the country. Our program today consists of short talks by the members of this department who have read over the exchanges that we have received and have a few words to say about each.

I will now turn the microphone over to Mr. Kirkland Sloper."

"Hello, everybody. I am rather proud to have had the honor of looking over two of the best exchanges that we have received so far this year.

The first was *The Critic*, Lynchburg, Virginia. A fine magazine for it is attractive and interesting. We enjoyed your literary department and found the method of commenting on the exchanges very novel.

The other was *The Leith Academy Magazine*, Edinburgh, Scotland. Your magazine contains many novel features. The articles of travel and experiment were most interesting. We hope to hear from you more often and become better acquainted with you."

Squee-eel

"Thank you Kirkland! Mr. Sloper has been with the department a long time and he has certainly done some fine work. The next four speakers are all new,

but show that they are capable of doing a lot of good work. Mr. Sumner Dixon will next be heard. Mr. Dixon!"

"Good afternoon friends. This is the first exchange that I have ever commented on. It is *The Nodder*, from East Boston, Mass. Your cover design was very unique, but the appearance of your magazine would be improved if you were to have a department for your jokes and not scatter them in with the advertisements."

Squack—Ooooooooooop.

"Thank you Sumner. The next speaker is Mr. George Kenyon and I'm pretty sure he has several good comments. Let's hear them, George."

Whooooooooo—OooooOOOO

"Here they are. The first one is from a girl's school. It's the *Kensington Distaff* from Philadelphia, Penn. Your paper is very well written. The department 'The Armchair' is especially good. However, we think an exchange department would add much to your magazine.

The other is *The Red and Black* from Claremont, N. H. We suggest that you lengthen your departments. All the articles are good but much too short. We notice especially the absence of an exchange department. In spite of these adverse criticisms, we find your paper very well written."

OOOoooooooowww—Crackle—oooOOOOO

"Thank you, George. The next one to strut his stuff is Arnold Dallava."

Squeeeeeeeeel

"I have a magazine from Lewistown, Penn.; the *Lore* by name. What's the matter *Lore*? You've slipped since the last time we saw you! Your stories could be selected more carefully and could be made longer. Where is that excellent poetry section that you had last year?

And *The Record*, English High School, Boston, Mass. The cover on the November issue was excellent as were the cuts on the interior. There should be much more variety in your literary department to perfect it. The cartoons are the biggest feature in your magazine!"

Reeeeeek

"That's fine, Arnold. The last speaker today is Samuel Geller. All right Sam!"

Arrrrrrrrroooooow

"I have here the *Catamount* from Bennington, Vermont. The literary department is of high quality. All the departments are well balanced and show careful preparation. A little poetry would help to better your magazine, however!"

GroooooOOOOooo

"And this completes our program for today. We were unable to review more exchanges because we had no more to review. I hope that you have all enjoyed our program and we shall be glad to receive comments from our friends regarding it.

This is radio station S-T-U-D-E-N-T-'S P-E-N signing off until next month and bidding you all good afternoon."

George H. Beebe



"Quick, a notary—I want to swear!"

* * * *

The Earth was once supposed to be flat.
Columbus proved it to be round.
Now it is crooked.

* * * *

Our idea of a monologue is a conversation with a girl.

* * * *

1st Nit-Wit: "How do you like our city?"

A. England: "It is the first cemetery I ever saw with lights."

* * * *

J. F. Donna: "It's too bad Shakespeare wasn't born in London."

V. Wagner: "Why?"

Donna: "On that exam I said he was."

* * * *

Beebe: "Have you a cigarette?"

Barris: "Lots of them, thanks."

* * * *

R. Cook: "You look rather fatigued."

E. Butler: "Yes, and I'm tired, too."

* * * *

R. Newman: "Is this a first-class restaurant?"

Waitress: "Oh yes, but we don't mind serving you."

* * * *

"Sir, I want your daughter for my wife."

"And I, sir, am not willing to trade."

* * * *

Football Hero: "No, Mother, I did not lose my front teeth; here they are in this handkerchief."

* * * *

Pomeroy: "Why does your father smoke butts that other people throw away?"

J. Smith: "Because they never throw away whole ones."

* * * *

The Latest From Hinsdale

Customer: "I don't want those crackers; someone told me that rats ran across them."

Grocer: "It's a lie! The cat sleeps in the box all night."

* * * *

Brilliance Personified: "But think of the future."

Another Senior: "I dare not. Tomorrow is *her* birthday and I have to think of the present."

* * * *

Even soldiers are dishonest. Think of the sentry who is constantly relieved of his watch.

* * * *

Many a man spends a lot of time tinkering with a miss in his motor.

* * * *

People, 1917: "To arms! To arms! Fall in."

Flappers 1927: "Two arms! Two arms! Fall in."

* * * *

Patnode: "I see you are raising a moustache, Harley."

Donnell: "Who told you?"

* * * *

Ambition

When the lowlands become high,
When the ocean's very dry,
When apples grow on cherry trees,
When flappers cover up their knees,
When cats and dogs wear overshoes,
When all the classes pay their dues,
When Abraham Lincoln is called a Fool,
When Pittsfield gets its new High School,
When the boys, the girls will hate,
When Condron and Pomeroy graduate,
When the Sahara Desert becomes muddy,
That's when I shall like to study.

Fred Lummus '28

* * * *

"That girl is worse than a stable full of decrepit horses."

"Yea? How's that?"

"Nag, nag, nag."

* * * *

A man, suffering from a crushed hand, inquired of his doctor if he would be able to play the trombone when the bandage was removed.

"Sure," said the medico.

"Gosh, that's great. I've always wanted to play some musical instrument."



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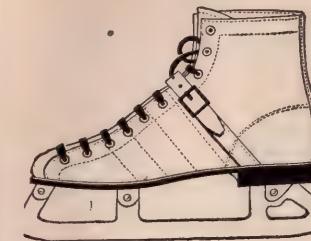
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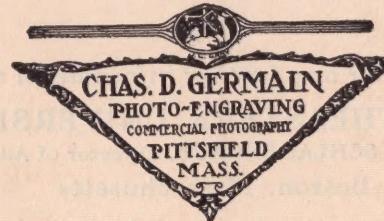
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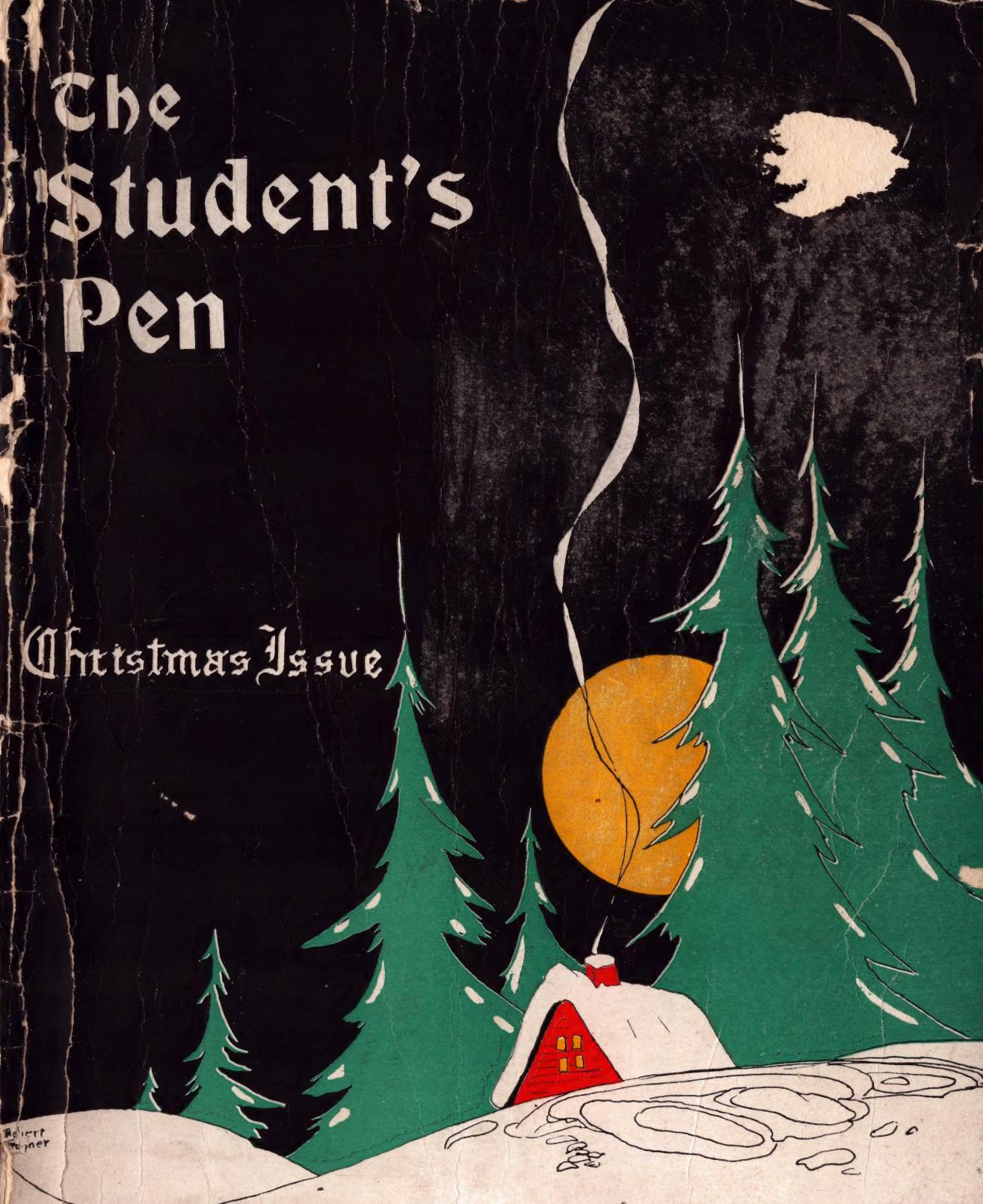
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